SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Good Example.

Sister Sadie M. Snader, of Keller, W. Va., says:

I always raise garden plants to sell in the spring and this gives me my change for church expenses; not much, but it is the widow's mite and God knows I give it willingly and would gladly do more if I could. I hope to live to see the Orphan Endowment Fund grow until we have the building and home for our Orphans. God bless the work and workers is my prayer.

The Soul's Worth.

BY LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

'For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul'?

In this text of scripture, we learn the estimate, the priceless value that Jesus sets upon a human soul. Man is overwhelmed with awe when he contemplates the majesty of the Most High, yet only dimly does he comprehend his glory, power and beauty.

The finite mind of man only feebly grasps the truth of the omnipotence and omniscience of the Infinite. As the eyes of man cannot look upon God and live, neither can the soul of man, while fettered with this flesh by tabernacle, view in their perfectness and fullness, his attributes. But as the soul is developed, as the eye of faith grows stronger, as the vision is purified, we catch a brighter glimpse, a fairer view, a deeper comprehension, of the Divine Being; and with a clearer view and broader comprehension of the matchless glory, majesty and beauty of the Divine, we learn to place a fair estimate upon that emanation of the divine, which we call the human soul. To more fully grasp the infinite and inestimable worth of one soul, we need but to keep the thought ever before us, that when God made man of the dust of the ground, he was but clay made flesh until God breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul. As the mother loves the child that has recieved its life from her own life, so God loves the soul into whom he breathed his own breath of life. No wonder he gave his only begotten Son to redeem those whom his own breath had made living souls! No wonder Jesus took upon himself the awful burden that crushed his heart in Gethsemane and pierced his body on Calvary, to save souls so precious to the heart of the Father. No wonder Jesus said what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What if a man gain the wealth of all the world, and his soul go out into darkness and death? Vast as is the world's wealth,—its broad fair land, the cattle, on its thousand hills, the pearls of its mighty deep, its mines of gold and silver, its diamonds, sapphires and other precious stones,—what is it all compared to the worth of a human soul? If we direct all our energies, all our efforts to the accumulation of wealth for our own gratification, how much will it profit us when our souls, unclothed of all things earthly, are called into the presence of God? If success crowns our efforts and we heap up great riches, how much of it shall we carry in our hands when we enter the eternal world? How much of the sting will it take from death, how much of victory from the grave? When the son of man cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels, with how much joy shall our souls go out to meet him if wearied with toiling, stowing, laboring, for the meat which perisheth?

Behold the balance which Jesus holds up before us,—the wealth of the whole world balanced against a human soul; but the soul goes down, for it is of infinitely more worth than the world's wealth. It is worth even the life's blood of God's own son. And yet how few place the proper estimate upon it. How many are selling their birthright, an inheritance n heaven not for the wealth of all the world but only a mess of pottage! How many are selling their own souls and their interest in the blood of Christ for thirty pieces of silver!

A lost soul! How the heart throbs with pain at the thought of a soul that has gone down into darkness and death! How anxiously the true Christian heart throbs and agonizes as it beholds the storm-beaten, tempest-tossed souls, eagerly, madly striving for wealth and fame that can at best bring them but a short lived pleasure, while all that is noble within them is becoming shrunken and shrivelled as they drift farther and farther from God, toward death and hell. O weary, anxious toiler for the world's wealth, do you not hear with the inner ear, the funeral dirge of the lost soul? Do you not hear the lash of the waves against the shore as the boatman comes to bear you down to the dark abyss where kindred spirits dwell? O turn and flee ere the death knell sounds! Turn from your money-gods, and offer your homage at the shrine of Christ. Bathe your soul in the fountain opened for sin. Consecrate yourself and all the energies of your soul to the bleeding sufferer of Calvary, whose side was pierced for you. Place the proper estimate upon your soul by remembering that had you been the only soul in the world in danger of eternal death, Christ would have counted that one soul worthy of his great sacrifice. Christ died for you that your soul might be saved, and what shall it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your soul?

Mapleville, Md.

May 27, 1889.

OUR DEAD.

CHRISMAN.—Died May 22, 1889, in the Brush Valley congregation, Armstrong Co., sister Ida Chrisman, aged 26 years, 3 months. Sister Ida died in full hope of eternal life at God's right hand. We had the privilege to visit the sister and converse with her in regard to her future state. She desired to depart and be with Christ. The deceased suffered with spinal disease but bore it all with Christian patience. She said she was ready at any time to go to her sweet Savior and be at home. The deceased leaves husband, one child, father, sisters, brothers and many friends to mourn their loss which is her eternal gain.

Dearest sister thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel:
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

Funeral sermon by John W. Reigard, assisted by Rev. N. Sesher.

Whiskey Did It.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar narrates an instance in the experience of Alexander Hoagland with thrilling effect: 'I was sitting,' said Mr. Hoagland, 'at my home at Louisville, Ky. when the door-bell rang. My son opened the door and came to the dining-room and said, 'There is a lame boy on crutches at the door who wants to see you; he has been crying, I think.' I stepped to the door, and in a flood of tears he asked me to go and see his father who was in jail, said the boy: 'My father is to be hung tomorrow. The Governor will not pardon him. He cut my mother's throat when he was drunk; he was a good man, and we were always happy only when father got drunk. Won't you go and talk and pray with my father, and come to our house when his body is brought to us?' I went as requested and found that the demon drink was the sole cause of the family's ruin and desolation. The father was hung, and when the body was taken to that home I was there.

Six worse than orphaned children were curled up on a bundle of rags and straw, crying with a grief that would make the stoutest heart quail.

The crippled boy, but 14 years old, was the sole support of this little family. The father's body was brought in by two officers; the plain board coffin was rested upon two old chairs, and the officers hurried out of the room and away from the scene.

'Come,' said the crippled boy, 'come and kiss papa's face before it gets cold;' and all the six children kissed the face of that father, and smoothed the brow, sobbing in broken accents, 'Whiskey did it; papa was good, but whiskey did it.' Since that day I vote as well as pray for the destruction of this arch enemy of the little children of the land.'—Chr. Cynosure.

The Prince and the Beggar Maid.

The late Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, father of the Empress Elizabeth, was very proud of his talented son, the oculist, Duke Carl Theodore, and often recommended him to patients. Passing along the streets of Munchen one day, he met a blind girl standing on the corner, singing.

Tossing a piece of gold in her outstretched hands, he went on, but suddenly returned to inquire more minutely into her affliction. 'Well, said he, 'I shall give you the address of a physician who may be able to cure you.' With that he tore a sheet of paper from his note-book. wrote a few lines upon it, and left the girl, who continued her singing. When she returned home that evening, her mother and sister would not believe their eyes, for the note was signed 'Duke Maximilian,' and addressed to 'Duke Theodor.'

They thought some one had been jesting. But the girl had confidence in the kindly voice, and in company with a friend, went to the place.

'Yes,' said the Duke Theodore, upon reading the note, 'father has already told me about you, and we shall see what can be done.' The operation which he preformed was successful. The girl regained her sight which for many years had been clouded, and married, through her patron's influence, a wealthy merchant. Not long before the death of her benefactor her first child was born, and the old duke consented to be its godfather.—Selected.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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The Brethren Annual.

Every family of the Brethren church should secure a copy of the Annual. It is a first rate Calender and contains such church news as every one desires to know. It is worth ten cents to any one concerned in the work. It contains a small, but accurate portrait of Elder S. C. Stump, a pioneer progressive, that many will want to see. Price ten cents each, by mail, or $1.00 per dozen

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,

Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who drives a coal cart has to resort to soap and water, just as does a negro who has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all are usually resorted to when a man gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—at least not at first. He usually goes to the so-called saloon and gets a drink, which makes him feel rather dazed, so he takes another, and comes home temporarily elated, supposing himself cured.

When he wakes next morning, with a headache twice as bad as ever, and feeling feverish and cross, he concludes he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he happens to have in the house—some liver renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart enlarger—and sets forth saying if he isn't better tomorrow he will send for the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the doctor is called, shakes his head, prescribes two or three kinds of medicine, according to his medical creed, but always insists upon perfect quiet, and that the patient must not go to his office for two weeks, or the result will be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a week or ten days, his recovery retarded by a multitude of remedies, and the knowledge that his business is going to ruin in his absence. When he does drag out at last, he finds that the family must deny themselves everything but the common necessities of life for some time to come, in order that the doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs made in the business.

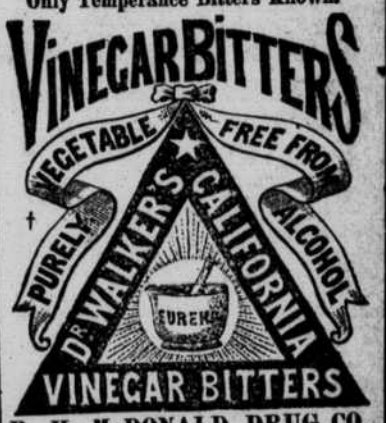
Now, the proper thing for this man to have done was to have bought a bottle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, the moment he felt the first headache, and to have taken two tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three half-doses, two days apart, after the first dose had taken effect, would have cured him and prevented his illness, and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as Beecher would have said, his foresight was not so good as his hindsight. Another time this man will know just what to do to save pain, time and money.

New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters is a grand blood purifier, cathartic and tonic, contains neither alcohol nor opium, has a most delicious flavoring, and will not harm an infant.

For sale by druggists. See that carton and bottle are marked New Style Pleasant Taste. We keep the old style in stock for those who prefer it. An interesting book on Rules of Society, Fortune Telling, etc., free to all who send for it.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.



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